FOR MY MOTHER

by

W. D. NESBIT

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/formymother0000wilb

FOR MY MOTHER

by

WILBUR D. NESBIT

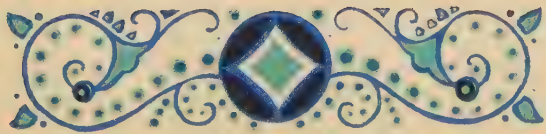
DESIGNED AND PRINTED
IN THE SHOP OF
The P. F. VOLLAND COMPANY
Joliet ... Illinois

COPYRIGHT·1912
P·F·VOLLAND·CO. JOLIET.

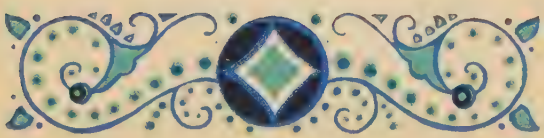
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

I would ask a song to sing
Of enchanting sweep
and swing
For my Mother
Gentle strains, all soft
and low,
Throbbing as they come
and go,
All my steady faith to show,
For my Mother. . . .

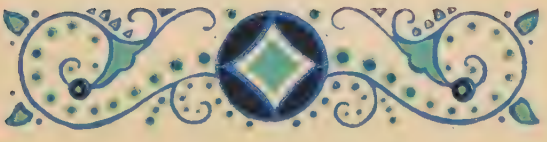
What choice blessing
can I ask?
Being happy is no task
For my Mother . . .
Ending sorrow with
a smile,
Knowing how peace to
beguile,
Helping others all the while,
Is my Mother . . . .



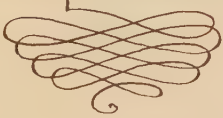
I would have the way
made fair
With no shadow of
a care
For my Mother;
Of God's store of happiness,
All that's made to cheer
and bless
More than anyone can guess.
For my Mother . . .

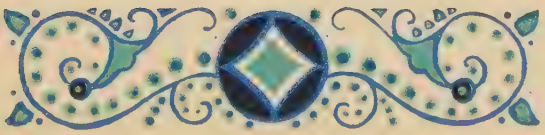


I would have the rarest
blooms,
Dewy, heavy with perfumes,
For my Mother;
Blossom-spangled fields
outspread,
So that where her pathway led
Flowers should their
treasures shed
For my Mother. . . .



Give me skies of
sunniest blue,
Give me every thought
that's true
For my Mother.
Aye, the fairest
skies above
And the very deepest love
All that joy is fashioned of
For my Mother. . . .





* P3-CAE-320 *